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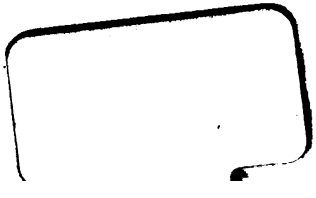

To Karl Knortz Esq

Compliments of

the Author

1875

COPY

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ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

WOODLAND RAMBLES

POEMS

BY

JOHN A. LANIGAN, M.D., B.A.

"Nunquam minus solus quam cum solus,"
"Juvat in sylvis habitare."

BUFFALO:
PETER PAUL BOOK COMPANY
1894

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TO THE

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THESE POEMS ARE, BY PERMISSION,
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CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
COSMOS,	3
TO POESY,	18
AN OLD MAN'S LOVE,	20
TO EILEEN,	23
TO MAY MARGUERITE,	24
ODE ON THE EPISCOPAL JUBILEE OF POPE LEO XIII,	25
A NEW YEAR'S POEM,	29
MUSINGS,	30
TO THE RT. REV. STEPHEN V. RYAN,	35
A FRAGMENT,	36
OUR LADY OF PEACE,	38
THE PEARL IN THE SAND,	40
FATHER HENNEPIN AT THE FALLS OF NIAGARA,	41
TO ELSINORE,	44
AN INCIDENT,	45
MIDNIGHT MASS IN ST. SULPICE,	48
RESURGAM,	54
MY LADY,	55
ESTRANGED,	56
THE TRAMP TO HIS HAT,	58
THE WAVE OF DEATH,	60
ACUSHLA GAL MO CHREE,	66
THE MINSTREL'S TALE,	68
NORA O'MALLEY,	77
TO THE MAYFLOWER,	80
THE DEPARTED,	82
THE BROOK,	84
THEN AND NOW,	86

To N. M. C., ... 88
In Dollie's Album, ... 88
Farewell, ... 89
To Doris, ... 90
Paradoxical, ... 91
Franzetta's Dream, ... 92
Lines, ... 93
The Evening Hour, ... 94
Lines, ... 96
The Crowning of the May Queen, ... 97
Lines, ... 99
Epitaph, ... 101
To Zea, ... 102
Night-Fall, ... 103
To Zaidee, ... 104
Horas Non Numero Nisi Serenas, ... 105
To the Evening Star, ... 107
A Thought, ... 108
To Daphne, ... 109
To Aimee, ... 110
In Memoriam, ... 111
The Faded Flower, ... 112
Alea Est Jacta, ... 113
An Acrostic, ... 114
To Emelia, ... 115
To a Friend, ... 115
Hunter's Song, ... 116
Evening Thoughts, ... 118

TRANSLATIONS.

Lines, ... 121
Emperor Adrian's Address to His Soul, . . 121
Ode X, Book IV, ... 122

ZARA THE BATHER, ... 123
THE LEAF, ... 125
TO A YOUNG GIRL, ... 126
TO MY BED, ... 126
THE FLOWER, ... 127
LINES, ... 128
REMEMBRANCE, ... 129
O CHARMING STREAM, ... 130
EPIGRAM, ... 132
MORNING HYMN, ... 133
THE LOST HEART, ... 134
TO A SLEEPING BEAUTY, ... 134
SONNET, ... 135
LIKE A FLOWER, ... 136
THE VOYAGE, ... 137
DAME NIGHTINGALE, ... 138
ELEGY, ... 139
THE KING OF THULE, ... 140
THE FISHER MAIDEN, ... 142
MIGNON, ... 143
THE DEATH LOCK, ... 145
UNDER THE GREENWOOD, ... 147
FOR ERIN I CAN'T TELL HER NAME, ... 148
STAR OF MY PATH, ... 150
ANACREONTIC, ... 151
LINES, ... 152
TO A MIRROR, ... 152
L'ENVOI, ... 153

WOODLAND RAMBLES

POEMS

COSMOS.

A SCIENTIFIC POEM.

OF scriptural lore
I have gathered a store,
And I'm not badly versed in the science of man,
And I've read all the mythos
On parchment or lithos,
To find out the way that Creation began.

I've read Zoroaster,
The Koran and Shaster,
The famed Zend-Avesta, the King, and some more,
The myths of the Eddas,
The creed of the Vedas,
And I've learned quite a body of unwritten lore.

For men in all time
Ever seek the sublime,
So our book-shelves are teeming with theories strange,
And science has striven
To peep into Heaven,
Believing that nothing is out of its range.

For the great mind of man
Has endeavored to span
The Gulf of Time and the Desert of Space,
And to limit creation
To the multiplication
Of atoms, whose unit no mortal can trace.

Through history's pages
The theme of all ages
Has been Earth's primeval and ultimate germs;
From those who defined
That from Chaos and wind
Were developed desire, love, and other such terms,

To those who upheld
The great factor of eld
Must have been some nonentity, no one knows what;
All, all present views
As absurd and abstruse
As the darkness of Egypt preserved in a pot.

There are Spencer and Kant,
Doctor Huxley and Grant,
And full fifty others from Humboldt to Stone,
With old Anaxagoras
Whose theories stagger us,
All striving to fathom the great unknown.

They fashion their schemes,
And fantastical dreams,
All pregnant with codes of dynamical laws;
And every new system
Is brim full of wisdom,
'Till time and futurity point out its flaws.

Thus, if one goes back
O'er philosophy's track
To that time when the nations of Earth were but few,
And summon around him
(Though not to confound him)
The faith of the Indian, Egyptian and Jew,

He will find, as he goes
To where science first rose,
That the cause of the divers opinions we hold,
Sprung out of the vanity
Of our humanity,
From that common objection to being controlled.

And with ease one can trace
That the whole human race
Had one primal belief in an infinite Power,
Which, despite of false sages,
Moves on through the ages
In the mind of mankind, to the present hour.

For our primeval brood
Was not savage or rude,
As we're told by historical writers of fiction,
But knew all the arts
To their intricate parts,
As philology teaches beyond contradiction.

But when man, in his pride
His Creator denied,
And thus lost the source from which true knowledge springs,
He moved in unrest
O'er the great world's breast,
And sought for true light in the darkness of things.

For, philosophers ever
Have essayed to be clever,
And to bend everything to their own thought and will;
And they think it high treason
If things *beyond* reason
Crop up, now and then, just to baffle their skill.

They strive to be wise
By disowning God's ties,
And seeking enlightenment out of old bones;
They call it sublime
To investigate slime,
And search for life's cause in inanimate stones.

One is not "advanced"
Lest he ponder entranced
On some nondescript fossil or monkey with wings;
To be counted a sage,
One must grow to old age
In searching for *nothing* midst tangible things.

One now has no need
For a God-given creed,
Let him trust in the ever unsatisfied "how,"
Seek his ancestral shape
In some unrevealed ape,
And superior wisdom beams from his brow.

Ah! the manifold ways
That Philosophy plays
With that gullible morsel we call human wit,
Is ever appearing
More painfully glaring,
As Truth's mighty torch on Time's bosom is set.

Thus arise, now and then,
From the point of a pen,
Multiform creeds by wise — fools shadowed out;
Yet the glistening bubble,
Notwithstanding their trouble,
Is burst in the end by a spasm of doubt.

Some sages affirm
The original germ
Of this world spontaneously sprung into place;
And they cherish the notion
That it came by its motion
From a nebulous vapor diffused throughout space;

Whilst others conceit
That through moisture and heat,
Was evolved from a tiny molecular cell,
By a sort of transition
From a previous position,
This heterogeneous old world where we dwell.

And other some say,
In a confident way,
That it was but a spark by the sun thrown out;
Yet seems it most queer
That it stopped short in air,
And then took a new and circuitous route.

Still more will declare
That from Chaos and air,
Through an instrumentality now known as heat,
Developed this Earth,
Like a premature birth
That requires care and fostering ere 'tis complete.

In the Indies of eld,
The doctrine was held
That an elephant hustled us round in his track;
And who has not heard
Of that fable absurd,
How great Atlas supported the world on his back?

Ah, 'tis wonderful, sure,
To note how obscure
And complex the theories some do advance;
On "final perfection,"
And "Natural selection,"
They'd fill up with notions all Heaven's expanse.

Yet all seem agreed,
Independent of creed,
That the world had a starting point far in the past;
That it rose self-possessed,
With all power in its breast,
To roll on through space while the ages will last.

But why it should rise
In the fathomless skies
At one certain time, and not ages before,
Is the question which bothers
Myself and some others,
For the *cause* of its being is the scientist's bore.

For, that it might take
Countless ages to make
The first germs of matter, most all will concede;
But that one time be blest
More than all of the rest,
Suggests that a Mind its existence precede.

Yet if Matter should be
All eternal, as we
Have often been told by our self-installed wise,
'Tis, indeed, very strange
It is subject to change,
Which fact a most gross contradiction implies.

For "eternal" must mean
What always has been
And ever will be — unaltered, the same;
Now, things that still grow,
One may easily show,
Must have had a beginning, which shatters that claim.

And for men to affirm
That pent up in one germ
Were all of the potencies Nature displays,
Requires a degree
Of credulity
Much greater than that which a Christian betrays.

So here, by the way,
I may truthfully say,
That the firmer we hold to the teaching of Genesis,
The wiser we'll be,
And the sooner be free
From the mystified creeds with which wiseacres menace us.

For search as we will,
In all Nature we still
Find only results of some deep-hidden force,
And the strata, the rocks,
And the volcanic shocks,
Proclaim to one's mind some ulterior source.

There is nothing we know
In this world below,
From the first cosmic era throughout to the eighth,
That stands quite alone
On a positive throne,
For knowledge or science must rest upon faith.

Experience may teach
Of things in its reach,
It may point out relations of cause and effect,
It may trace out the *rule*
Of Nature's great school,
But the why and the wherefore it ne'er can detect.

Thus much one may learn,
Ere he pass 'neath the urn:
Though all nature be questioned from zone unto zone,
There is something the mind
Must leave undefined,
For truth, in the abstract, can never be known.

Yet there must exist force,
Or all matter, of course,
Would remain to this day but a substance inert;
And the harmonious action
Of growth and attraction
Could have never our beautiful universe girt.

And though we may trace
All the realms of space
For the *cause* of that force that made fire, earth and sea,
We will find it to rest
In Eternity's breast,
And reason demands it should infinite be.

So, though science may be
Quite correct, we still see
A question beyond it that puzzles us all,
And in vain Evolution
May seek its solution;
There must have been *power*, or all matter must fall.

And 'tis my belief,
Expressed here in brief,
That though matter and motion coeval were, still
Before these was power —
Eternity's dower —
Residing afar in an almighty Will.

For that thing we call force
Must have sprung from some source
Above and beyond, in a space unconfined;
Thus, though Nature began
On a very small plan,
Primeval of all was an infinite Mind.

And from Mind, Will and Power,
In an all-hallowed hour,
In the deep-hidden ages Creation arose,
Till spheres out of number,
From Chaotic slumber,
The regions of space soon began to disclose.

But I'm not here to tell
The identical cell
From which was evolved this old planet called Earth;
Yet as far as I'm able,
From Scripture, or fable,
Or science, I'll follow it up from its birth.

* * * * * *

From a nucleus small,
Or perhaps none at all,
(For before Nature was, things occurred very queer),
Came this world of ours,
Without rocks, men, or flowers,
But a bright mass of fire in the shape of a sphere.

By a process quite strange,
Out of scientists' range,
In which ether and wind *may* have taken some part,
This planet began
To grow *crusty*, as man
Will become when he feels a small blaze at his heart.

For, the elements of Earth
The Creator sent forth
In the first of all time ere he bade them unite;
And each had its power,
Which obtains to this hour,
To form air or water, fire, earth, heat or light.

Thus did Wisdom create,
In a gaseous state,
The primitive volumes that go to form Earth;
And the laws they obey
Were imposed on the day
When infinite Omnipotence gave them birth.

So age after age,
And page after page,
This universe grew like the layers of a tree,
And the union of gasses,
From invisible masses,
Enveloped it all in a limitless sea.

And in one day,
Which, in truth we may say,
Was a time of duration beyond mortal ken,
The Omnipotent Lord,
By a thought or a word,
Divided the land from the waters again.

For a day, as we're told,
The Almighty doth hold
In the palm of his hand as a myriad of years;
Thus we see not a flaw
In the Biblical law,
Nor a reason that Science should "get on its ears."

He caused to spring forth
From the bowels of Earth,
Ranges of mountains that poured lava tide
From east and from west,
'Till the vast ocean's breast
Was studded with continents far and wide.

Then that mystical thing
We call life, seemed to spring
From some principle deep in Earth's bosom concealed;
And growth of new kind
Told that infinite Mind
Kept far greater treasures as yet unrevealed.

And the water, the air,
And the earth everywhere,
Were teeming with life in its myriad forms,
From the least protophyte
To the lion of might,
The face of creation with new being swarms.

Thus, strange to relate,
From a primitive state,
By burning and cooling and bursting betimes,
At last was unfurled
This beautiful world,
With its rocks, trees and seas, and its exquisite climes.

And it looked, oh! so fair,
As it rolled off in air,
That the Mind (for 'tis only the mind that can plan)
Conceived the existence,
Away in the distance,
Of a being we know by the small name of "man."

Just how man came to be
Matters little to me,
Whether fashioned from monkey, or molecule, or clay,
Yet still I've been thinking,
While at scientists winking,
He was very much like what we find him today.

And, that mortal might seem
Of creation supreme,
Omnipotence formed him the last and the best;
And gave him a spirit,
By which to inherit
That kingdom that He in all glory possessed.

And the first of our race
Had his dwelling place
In a garden called Eden, where four rivers met;
'Mid fruit trees delicious,
And all things nutritious,
And but for his capers he might be there yet.

TO POESY.

OH, Poesy, thou holy art!
Thou enemy of human woe!
Thou first to cast the vengeful dart
Against humanity's great foe!
Oh, Muse so blest! Oh, gift Divine!
How fondly turns my soul to thee!
What hallowed, mystic charms are thine!
And oh, how sweet thy slave to be!

How beautifully sweet it is
To hold communion with the stars!
To revel in the mysteries
That lie beyond, to burst the bars
That keep the soul in this dull sphere;
To roam at will in Heaven's smile;
To speak with angels everywhere,
And yet be mortal all the while!

Such the poet's magic spell,
He sees with penetrating eye
Into the frowning depths of hell,
Into the empyrean sky;
He sees deep in the heart of man,
And reads the secrets hidden there;
Nay, even hath he power to gain
The key to nature everywhere.

I will not say the poet's life
  Is in some fancied realm of bliss,
Nay, rather moves he midst the strife,
  And grosser atmosphere of this;
But, priest-like, lo! he scorns the tongue
  Of slander, and feels ever blest
To bear the sacrament of song
  To some poor, troubled, aching breast.

Ah! yes, 'tis his to keep alive
  The pristine beauty of the soul,
And with his magic pen deprive
  Misfortune of its wonted dole;
And he, in greatness all his own,
  Shall dwell high in the niche of fame;
Old Homer's songs will still live on,
  When Cæsar simply means a name.

Then Heaven bless those bards of ours!
  Honor them and honor theirs,
Who thus kindly scatter flowers
  O'er our path so full of cares.
Oh! would that I could be among
  That blessed band the lowliest knight!
To breathe the atmosphere of song
  Would be to me supreme delight.

AN OLD MAN'S LOVE.

I OFTTIMES take a stroll at eve
Within this shady grove,
To ponder on the days long gone,
And Erin that I love.

For in this quiet, calm retreat
Sad thoughts steal over me,
Of the dear old land and patriot band
That strove to set her free.

Ah! well I mind me of the time
('Twas many years ago),
When, youthful then, I joined the men
That fought old Erin's foe.

Yes, dear old spot, of Earth the best,
I think of thee tonight,
And how to prove my heartfelt love
I'd gladly for thee fight.

Though age has done its work with me,
That land I'll ne'er forget;
I'd gladly strike, with tongue or pike,
A blow for Erin yet.

I feel the fire of former years
Still lingers in my veins;
Although I'm old, I am not cold,
My heart its youth retains.

I have one colleen fair to see,
With eyes of Irish blue,
And I sing her songs of Erin's wrongs,
For I know her heart is true.

She glories in the days of yore,
And prides herself the while,
As in her hair entwining there
The shamrock of our Isle.

And when at length the day will come
To set old Ireland free,
Six gallant sons (and trusty ones)
Dear land I'll send to thee,

Plunged in the fiercest of the fight
In front shall they be seen,
Each hand to wave a worthy glaive,
Each brow a plume of green.

And if I cannot join my boys,
Whilst fighting nobly there,
I'll take my part with fervent heart —
They'll have an old man's prayer.

Then should our cause by chance be lost,
Old Erin, sweet asthore!
This heart shall break for thy dear sake,
And who can give thee more?

TO EILEEN.

WHEN I see the laughing beam
In thy brilliant azure eye,
It reminds me of a stream
That I loved in times gone by,
When the moon's soft, mellow gleam
Was quivering in the wavelet nigh.

When I see the roseate hue
Of those velvet cheeks of thine,
I bethink me — once I knew
A flower that did such tints combine,
When the sunset o'er it threw
Its parting beams in light divine.

Thus, when my heart desires to see
Those things that were its chief delight,
I've but, sweet girl, to gaze on thee,
And in thy face so warm and bright,
That stream of youth comes back to me,
And that loved flower, all bathed in light.

TO MAY MARGUERITE.

IN HEAVEN.

FAREWELL, but not forever, dear, farewell!
Be not unmindful in that brighter sphere,
Where angel souls in blest existence dwell,
Of those who all too sadly linger here.

Let not the vision of the bright beyond
Cause thee to forget thy sojourn here;
Though brief thy span of life, a mother fond
Sheds for that vital spark her warmest tear.

Our home is sorely drear since thou art gone;
We miss thy bright blue eyes, thy smile so sweet,
But, through the merits of The Blessed One,
We know in Heaven blooms our May Marguerite.

Oh, precious babe of mine, in heavenly bliss,
Thou little saint of God, forever blest,
In that great world beyond, remember this,
And pray for thy parents' souls' eternal rest!

ODE ON THE EPISCOPAL JUBILEE OF POPE LEO XIII.

FEBRUARY 19TH, 1893.

HAIL, mighty Pope! Hail, spiritual Sire!
The world salutes thee on this festive day,
And kneels before thine august throne to pay
The highest tribute mortal can desire —
The offering of love's perpetual fire!
Thee have the nations gazed on from afar,
As bright thy light, and shining like a star,
Beamed o'er a troubled world. Love doth inspire
Thine every act, O Pontiff most benign!
To thee, vice-regent of the Lord Most High,
The world doth turn expectant for a sign,
And hails thee, beloved Leo, "light in the sky."

O Father of the Faithful! Blessed indeed,
Yea, trebly blest is he upon whose brow
Thou sign'st the symbol of our holy Creed.
Priest, Bishop, Pope, all these do thee endow
With majesty of triple power, but thou

Art even in thy very nature blest;
Thy soul with greatness teems, thy face imprest
With love's sweet smile, doth win the world to bow,
And on this day to lift their hearts with thine
In glad thanksgiving to the Throne divine.

How glorious record doth thy reign display!
Thy life how bright its day!
O! Orb of Wisdom, ever beaming bright,
Thou illuminest the night,
And fillest Earth with transcendental light!
The "Angel of the Schools" thou bidst once more
Bestow his precious lore
Upon the human mind, which foes assail
With wisdom earthly heedless of the soul;
That sea of wisdom pure thou didst unveil,
Its flood-gates yielding to thy sweet control.
The gloomy world, that lay in durance vile
Beneath the tyranny of Sophist minds,
Beheld a beacon light and wore a smile,
As mariners at sea midst treacherous winds.

Then, noble Leo, blest guardian of the fold!
How fondly, in solicitude for truth,
Thou opened up that mine of wealth untold,
The archives of the Vatican, whose lore

Is to the human intellect far more
  Than erstwhile was the fabled Fount of Youth,
Or that most precious stone for which, as we are
    taught,
The dreamy alchemist so vainly sought.

What time the nations, trembling in unrest,
  Beheld the ominous clouds, the surging sea,
That threatened to engulf them in its breast
  Like Peter on the Sea of Galilee,
Cried out in agony: "Who now our guide will be?"
  'Twas thou, like Saviour blest,
Made answer: "Come to me
  And I will give you rest."

There came a cry from Afric's gloomy shore
  Of souls that slept in bondage, and the sound
    Fell sad and solemn on thy loving heart;
    But thou, benignant father, bore a part
  Of that deep wail of sorrow, and unbound
The manacles the nations' pity wore.

Labor was prone beneath a tyrant yoke,
When thou, great Pontiff, spoke,
  And in bold, burning words most eloquent,
  A glorious message to all nations sent,
Which straight the burden broke.

Most noble-hearted Leo, whether it be
That nations struggling in a stormy sea
Beset by darkness, or the trodden slave,
Thy holy and far-reaching succor crave;
Whether from treacherous shoals of unbelief
Or infidelity, Earth seeks relief,
Thy mystic light leads gloriously on,
Dispelling clouds and scattering, anon,
The blessings of thy wisdom. Every land
Hath felt the bounty of thy generous hand;
Thy master mind hath led the nations out
From the deep chaos of soul-blighting doubt.
And still, despite the dark, opposing rocks
Of unbelief, the vain, unseemly shocks
Of heresy, the barque of Peter sails
In glorious triumph midst ungenerous gales,
And thou, beloved Leo, bold and brave,
Dost guide her safely o'er the troubled wave.

Hail, ever loving father, may thy years
By Heaven protected be!
Beam bright that "Light in Heaven" which nobly steers
The barque of Peter over Time's dark sea!

A NEW YEAR'S POEM.

I SAW an old man, when the day was done,
Set down his spade beside the chapel door,
Then kneel and bless himself, and one by one,
Repeat his thumb-worn Rosary o'er and o'er.

It was the eve before the glad new year;
The sun had set his last ray on the old;
And as he prayed in silence, lo! a tear
Drop'd from his eyelid on the pavement cold.

I thought, so like each bead, came, year by year,
The course of time, tho' changing still the same,
Decade on decade, lo! the years appear,
Beginning and ending in the Saviour's name.

MUSINGS.

FOND memories, so kindly sweet,
How dreary life without your charms!
How bravely, folded in your arms,
Could I a thousand dangers meet!
Your smile would banish all alarms,
And future of its terrors cheat.

Things that were fair seem doubly bright,
In that we knew them long ago;
Joys of the past! how warm they flow
In fond array before the sight!
Nay, sorrows even bear a glow
Not unakin to true delight.

We scan the horizon of the past,
Fond fancies come as in a dream;
And terrors that we felt, do seem —
Mere trifles o'er life's pathway cast,
Beneath reflection's smoothing beam—
Portentous only while they last.

Oh, how I love to dwell among
The blissful scenes of other years!
Albeit they woo my eyes to tears,
As 'twere each scene had found a tongue,
And whispered of the doubts and fears
That vexed my heart when I was young.

I mind, as gently gliding o'er
The waters of the Genesee,
I heard some negro melody
Float toward me from the nether shore,
So strangely sweet, it seemed to me
I never heard the like before.

And once, when from famed Cronest height,
I viewed the Hudson rolling on,
So bright its queenly waters shone,
Methought it was the fairest sight
That mortal eyes could gaze upon,
As soft its wavelets rolled in light.

I treasured both for many a year,
To glad me in my lonesome hours,
As one more fondly prizes flowers
That blossom when the snows are here;
For, oh, in this sad world of ours,
Too often flows the unbidden tear!

And yet there is a dearer joy
  That wells up in my memory,
  A holier bliss it seems to me,
A golden hour without alloy;
  It was in far-off Acadie,
And I was but a thoughtless boy.

I strayed, one afternoon in May,
  Beside the far-famed Nor'-west Arm,
  I dreamed but of that blissful charm
That in its placid waters lay.
  Why glows my brow with passion warm
At this far distant after day?

I saw, upon the rock-girt shore,
  A gentle maid of kindly mood;
  I watched her as she pensive stood,
And scanned the glowing landscape o'er.
  It was a blissful solitude,
And sweet the smile fair Nature wore.

The village chapel on the height—
  Sweet "Stella Maris—" fondly rose,
  As if to mitigate my woes,
And bless the stream of pure delight
  That even yet all warmly flows.
Ah! 'twas indeed a charming sight!

The brilliant, broad Chebucto Bay
  Gleamed 'neath the fair Acadian sky;
  But far more precious to my eye,
Decked with the simple flowers of May,
  Was she for whom my heart doth sigh
At this far distant after-day.

We met, we spoke, we loved, and then
  There stole within my soul a bliss,
  Which, from that moment unto this,
Fond memory loves to woo again;
  For, when, to me, aught goes amiss,
One thought of her will ease my pain.

That one dear face, of all I knew
  The most supremely fair, appears
  Soft floating down the vale of years,
And so enchanting to my view,
  That, though my eyes are dimmed with tears,
My soul drinks rapture fond and true.

I see that smile that once I thought
  Gave benediction like a saint;
  I view that face I loved to paint
In years gone by, those tresses wrought
  From purest gold, that blush so faint
That seemed to breathe "forget me not."

Yes, yes, I see her as of yore,
The same, though years have rolled between;
I met her; she was scarce sixteen,
And now—well, now she's somewhat more;
But, oh! her mild and gentle mien
Grows lovelier as the years pass o'er.

It woos my soul to loftier aim
To revel midst the lights and shades
Of long ago—the silent glades
Where many a time I carved her name
Upon the beechen tree. Care fades
Before the light of love's soft flame.

O Memory, how kind thou art
To cull such precious flowers for me
From out the past! To let me see
Those eyes that first sent Cupid's dart,
Charged with heaven-born ecstacy,
Into the stillness of my heart.

I would not give such joy, I wis,
For all the wealth the world contains;
Far more to me the mute remains
Of some dear long-departed bliss.
The fondest hour my soul obtains
Is in such reveries as this.

TO THE RT. REV. STEPHEN V. RYAN,

(*Bishop of Buffalo*)

ON THE SILVER JUBILEE OF HIS EPISCOPATE.

SHINE, O Sun, in thy splendor!
O Day, be propitious and bright!
Ye church bells chime
For this gladsome time
That fills our souls with delight!

With heartfelt joy we tender
Our homage on bended knee,
And we kiss thy ring,
Dear Bishop, and bring
The pledge of our love to thee.

Well have the faithful been guarded,
Whom Christ has left to thy care;
And the Church, thy bride,
Feels a glow of pride,
For her brow is so chaste and fair.

And well may thy zeal be rewarded,
O Bishop, benignant and kind!
And thy deeds, may they shine
With a glory divine,
For aye in the Infinite Mind!

A FRAGMENT.

I WAS sitting at eve by the river's green side,
As the waters flowed on to the sea,
And, like the warm zephyr that swept o'er the tide,
Came the memory, fair maiden, of thee.

My mind wandered back to the sweet days of yore,
To those times when we met in the grove;
And once, while still watching the billows' wild roar,
Thou did'st pledge me thy heart and its love.

The moon rose up soft, as when, silent and lone,
We plighted our spirits in tears;
And all that dear sweetness I once thought my own,
Stole back from the bosom of years.

I felt a warm influence steal o'er my soul,
And I knew not whence came it or how,
But I yielded my heart to its soothing control,
As even I fain would do now.

And I saw, like a spirit transcending in light,
Thy form bending over my face,
And it seem'd I could yet, in that image so bright,
Some germs of affection still trace.

Nay, I thought that my heart was reflected in thine,
Like those flowers on the bank of a stream
That softly to kiss their own image incline,
Yet, alas! it was only a dream.

For when I awoke from my slumber so sweet,
And my dreams of that happier day,
I heard but the murmuring waves at my feet,
As they hurried along on their way.

But still in my memory's chalice I'll keep,
Thy form ever sacred and dear;
And when I depart to the valley of sleep,
That vision will follow me there.

OUR LADY OF PEACE.

I SAW the Queen of Heaven rise
In vision bright before my eyes,
Soaring high above;
The crescent moon beneath her feet,
Her outstretched arms, her face so sweet,
Filled my soul with love.

Around her brow a crown of stars,
Brighter than Mercury e'en, or Mars,
Shining from pole to pole;
And as I viewed her face the while,
The benediction of her smile
Lighted up my soul.

I felt her presence, mighty spell
That words inadequately tell,
But feeling must reveal;
And oh! such joys within me moved,
As when the faces we have loved
Back to our memories steal.

And soft, beyond the moon's pale light,
I heard the voices of the night
Rising higher and higher;
Chanting an anthem near and far,
"Peace to the souls that troubled are,"
Thus sang the angel choir.

Down on the evening air 'twas borne,
Softly it came as came the morn,
And when I sadly rose,
The voice still echoed in mine ear,
"Peace! Peace! To the troubled cheer!
In Heaven is repose."

THE PEARL IN THE SAND.

STRAYING along by the shore one day,
I found a pearl in the sand;
And, blessing my luck, I bore it away
To my home in a distant land.

A circlet of gold 'round that pearl I pressed,
So precious to me did it seem;
And I wear my treasure close to my breast,
Where it beams with beauty supreme.

The wondering crowd, as I move around,
In jealousy gaze at me,
And all because of that pearl I found
One day as I strayed by the sea.

FATHER HENNEPIN AT THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

FAR down beyond the woodland the evening sun was sinking,
And the joyous waves kept blinking as if dazzled by his light
Till at last, as if forever, he kissed the golden river
And resigned his holy mansion to the Mistress of the Night.

Whilst with wild and deep commotion, far greater than the ocean,
Thundered down the roaring water to the dread abyss below;
And with weary step and slowly, like pilgrim pure though lowly,
Came an old man to the river, and his hair was white as snow.

The night grew fast around him, o'er the plain its garb descended,
Till its mystic stillness blended with the waters flowing on,

And alone above the thunder of that great immortal wonder
Like a star within the heavens stood God's anointed one.

Down on the green sward kneeling, this aged priest uplifted
His voice, as gently drifted his grey locks to the breeze,
And there, as shades grew denser, like perfume from a censer,
Arose the grand "Te Deum" among the startled trees.

Above the thunder of waters he sang that ancient anthem
And down along the river its echoes seemed to glide;
As if some unseen spirits, in passing by, had listened
And caught the sweet strains falling, and bore them o'er the tide.

And he said: "O mighty waters! in your course unto the ocean,
Let a hymn of true devotion ever o'er your waves resound,

To the great God dwelling yonder, in whose eyes ye
are no wonder,
But whose mighty presence ever can in your breast
be found."

'Tis two hundred years and over since beside this
roaring water
Stood that hoary old Franciscan with cross and
book in hand;
Now 'tis filled with strangers, the sad and joyous-
hearted,
But the name of him departed seems forgotten in
the land.

TO ELSINORE.

I REMEMBER a spot far away, far away,
Where ofttimes I rambled at close of the day,
To which the kind sun did such luster impart,
That made every warm impulse wake up in my heart.

Oh! that sweet little valley was fair to behold,
And I loved its mild influence better than gold;
Its groves were so green, and its flowers were so fair,
But its sweetest enchantment was when thou wert there.

How this moment my heart swells when thinking of thee!
And the hours that we spent in that grove by the sea,
When thy form like an angel stole soft to my side,
And my soul drank in rapture too sweet to abide.

It may be that our parting was meant for long years,
It may be we were born for misgivings and fears,
It may be that we never will meet as of yore,
But my heart will be faithful to thee evermore!

AN INCIDENT.

YOUNG Colin and the maid he loved,
Close by a fair Acadian town,
Upon the beach together roved
One evening as the sun went down.

He was a blue-eyed, soulful youth,
With just a touch of pensive mood,
Whose lips were wont to speak the truth,
E'en tho' at times it might seem rude.

And she was of that dark-eyed type
Of beauty that men so admire;
Her brow so sweet, her lips so ripe,
Seemed all a youth could well desire.

Full of the future was his mind,
With glowing themes and blissful hope,
While she was a trifle more inclined
To take of things a nearer scope.

He told her of his prospects fair,
His aim in life, his future schemes,
But she wore a listless, far-off air,
Like one who lived a life of dreams.

"Ah, wilt thou be my own," he cried,
With all the passion love could lend;
She said "I cannot be your bride,
But I will always be your friend."

They parted, and the years rolled on,
Though Cupid frown'd, good Dives smiled
Soon Colin gathered wealth, anon,
Becoming Fortune's favored child.

It happened once again by chance
He strolled at eve beside the shore,
To gaze upon that broad expanse
That he had loved in days of yore.

The rolling sea, the setting sun,
The arch of Heaven in azure hues,
That tempted him in days long gone
Unconsciously to wed the muse.

Now, destiny works wondrous ways,
And, strange as it may seem to be,
Young Colin found his wandering gaze
Drawn softly from the heaving sea.

Beside him stood that maiden form
That erstwhile was his soul's delight,
Those same dark eyes with passion warm
Glowed 'neath the sun's receding light.

"Ah, Colin, does thy mind recall
The precious hours in former years
We watched the billows rise and fall,
And talked of future doubts and fears."

"I well remember it, sweet maid;
I asked thee then to be my bride,
But thy young heart was sore afraid
To trust with me life's stormy tide."

"I've changed since then," she meekly said,
And sad her bosom heaved a sigh;
He calmly turned away his head
And coldly answered, "So have I."

MIDNIGHT MASS IN ST. SULPICE.

I HEARD the silvery tones of the chimes as they rang from the belfry;
I heard their mystical notes as they broke on the hush of the evening
And solemnly told to the people the birthday of the Redeemer,
As the angel in times gone by to the shepherds who watched on the mountains.
Slowly, with reverent mien, the throng moved along to the college
That stands at the foot of the mountain — the seat of the saintly Sulpicians;—
Stands, like the Rock of Ages, o'erlooking the city beneath it;
Stands like a beacon of light — home of religion and learning.
Out from its antique windows, illumined with figures of angels,
Gleamed forth a brilliant reflection that seemed like a mirror of Heaven,
As o'er the silvery snow, and soft on the trees' crystal branches,

The crimson, the green and the gold, unite in harmonious beauty.
Lo! from the heart of the chapel came a gush of heavenly music,
That charmed the soul like the hymn of the angels before the Eternal;
'Twas my angel that spoke to my heart, so turning my steps to the mountain,
I moved with the rest of the throng, and we entered the chapel together.
There at the head of the aisle stood the "crib," and around it were kneeling
The "Men of the East" and the shepherds, while the ass and the ox rest beside them;
There, too, knelt the Virgin Mother, and Joseph who looked with devotion,
Looked on that object of love — a young infant—the promised Redeemer,
Looked as if he discerned the trials, temptations and sorrows
That, ere many years would pass, He would suffer for man's salvation.
Sudden, in plaintive accords, there arose from the mystic stillness
The sad, the soul-thrilling strains of the solemn Kyrie Eleison,
Beseeching the mercy of God for the manifold sins of His children,

Imploring the mercy of Christ from the infinite love
of His bosom.
Then rose the hymn of the angels — the "Gloria in
Excelsis"—
Rose like the spirit of love to the throne of the
Father Almighty.
"Glory, glory, glory, glory to God in the highest!
And on earth let peace to men of good will be
granted!
Thee we adore, O God! To Thee let all praise be
given!
Thanks we offer to Thee because of Thy infinite
glory!"
Then did the soul of religion sink deep in my heart as
I listened,
And heard, with awe reverential, the voices that
echoed in Heaven.
Lo! with a holy devotion the celebrant mounted the
altar,
And sang in a voice all solemn, resounding through-
out the whole chapel,
Intoning the glorious "Credo"— that faith, the
salvation of mortals,
Which, to the saints once delivered, shall last through
the ages eternal.
Slowly the choristers answered, their hearts respond-
ing, when suddenly
All was silent as death—'tis the time of the mystical
silence.

The "Sanctus" bell is tolled, and solemn its echoes resounding,
Strike to the inmost soul, while the bosom throbs with devotion,
Crying "Oh! blessed is He who cometh *in nomine Domini!*"
Earth stands with bated breath as the Lamb of the Lord approaches;
Peace reigned over all hearts when loud the "*Adeste Fideles*"
Rang through the aisles of the chapel and out on the air of the morning.
Ah, it was sweet to contemplate that sight, and those manifold voices
Raised in thanksgiving to God, in the midst of such glory and splendor;
Oh! that with words I could utter the joy of my heart at that moment,
As I felt that the Son of Man was for me exposed in that manger!
The thoughts that then rushed to my mind filled my tremulous heart with emotion,
That flowed o'er my weary soul like balm on the wounds of the wounded.
The *Regia Missa* was done, when some two hundred students assembled,
Receiving the Holy Communion from the hands of the priest at the railing;

Then followed the young Seminarians, the tonsured
sub-deacons and deacons,
As the shepherds in times of old, when they left
their flocks on the mountains;
Then lastly the celebrant rose, and, lifting his eyes
up to Heaven,
He blessed us *in nomine Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus*
Sancti!
Slowly they entered the vestry and left us alone in
the stillness,
To think on the beauty of God and the glory that
reigns in Heaven;
Then lastly the multitude rose, and, leaving the
chapel, proceeded
Along through the snow to the city, and turning,
they scattered asunder.
Oh! many a time have I thought, as I sat all alone
by the fireside,
And gazed on the flickering blaze that shed its dim
light o'er my chamber,
Of that cold, chilly Christmas eve, when the winds
from the noble St. Lawrence
Swept o'er the snow-covered fields, and round the
old walls of the college.
Ever, while memory lasts me, the thoughts of that
night shall I cherish,
Ever, as long as my blood shall continue to course
through its channels,

Ever, so long as this bosom of mine knows pleasure
or sorrow,
So shall my heart ever sigh for that night that I
spent in that chapel.

RESURGAM.

WHEN Thou, O Christ! moved on this earth,
And bore for us a thousand woes,
E'en from the moment of Thy birth
Until the grave did o'er Thee close,
Thou show'd Thyself most truly man
In all, save that Thou could'st not sin;
Thy life through pain and sorrow ran,
Yet nourished Thou a peace within.

But oh! 'twas not until that day
When Mary stood beside Thy tomb,
And gazing where Thy body lay,
Found nothing but the silent gloom,
Thou proved'st Thyself a God indeed
By rising triumphant o'er the grave,
Thus giving to the world a creed —
A universe of souls to save.

MY LADY.

DOWN in a shady grove—
Rarest of Aidenns—
Dwells my sweet lady love,
Fairest of maidens!

Yes, she is beautiful,
Lithesome and airy,
Queenly, yet dutiful,
Bright as a fairy.

Swanlike her slenderness,
Treasure of neatness!
Dovelike her tenderness,
Jewel of sweetness!

And as I gaze on her,
Angelic creature!
Love's soft light plays on her,
Kissing each feature.

Truth fondly hovering
Ever above her,
Fresh charms discovering,
That's why I love her.

ESTRANGED.

LOVE, dost thou remember years ago,
It was a pleasant summer afternoon,
All nature smiled, and with impassioned glow
The sunbeam kissed the sweet, fresh rose of June?
'Twas then I saw thee first, thy tresses curled
In radiant splendor, and I fancied thee
The blissful tenant of some sinless world,
So full of fervor thou did'st seem to be.

Dost thou remember, after many years
I saw thee once again? Ah, Time, thou thief!
To cause such pleasure then, and now such fears,
To yield such sweetness, and withal so brief!
Oh, treasured hour, so redolent of bliss!
How well I mind me every precious smile!
They were, indeed, too sweet to last to this,
But, oh! they gave such pleasure for the while!

We strayed where elms the verdant margin crown,
Where, waving gently in the sylvan grove,
The emerald osiers, bending softly down,
Appeared to kiss the rivulet they love.

There did I sing to thee, and thou did'st praise,
And when I kissed thy cheek thou did'st not chide;
Nay, when I told thee tales of other days,
Thou seem'dst so pleased to have me by thy side.

What was there in that cosy, calm retreat?
Was it the sadness of the waning year
(For sadness oft engenders feelings sweet),
That made me in that moment seem so dear?
Methinks I view again the same old spot,
And we, twin-hearted, roam the meadow o'er;
Is not this flower a sweet forget-me-not
That thou didst pluck for me in days of yore?

Ah, yes, sweet maid, I have not judged amiss,
That heart of thine was never false to me;
Those lips I know retain my parting kiss,
As virgin still as when I gave it thee.
Some day, sweetheart, some day again we'll meet,
I know not when it may be, but I feel
Life treasures yet for me that blissful treat —
To find thy heart its secret truth reveal.

THE TRAMP TO HIS HAT.

COME, hat, how fares it with thee? Thou art pale—
A ghastly thing, hung there upon a nail.
Tell me, wast thou made of goodly stuff,
To fade away from sober brown to buff?
I can't say much, but this I'm bound to say:
We've had our share of hardship, so today
We'll pull our luck together. This droll sphere
Owes us each a living whilst we're here.
Throw off that dull appearance and look bright;
We both have youth before us — there, that's right.
I'll brush thee more, perhaps it serves as food —
They say a rubbing, now and then, is good.
How oft did unkind fate knock thee about,
And mar the structure of that form once stout;
And yet, the while, with philosophic air,
I saw thee smile beneath thy weight of care.
'Tis ever so; who would his wrongs outlive,
Must learn to bear with patience and forgive.
And thus, with feelings of profound regret,
I've seen thee suffer for my sake, and yet
I love thee all the more the more unkind
The world has been to thee, for, to my mind,
Thou art the image of my better self,
Too oft, alas! thrown by upon the shelf.

Ah, well, dear hat, let nature take its course;
Some few exist by kindness, some by force.
The greater power the greater resistance meets;
Thus you and I get blows in place of treats.
Creation is jealous to its inmost core,
So fire and water are constantly at war.
Earth yields to earth, and stone gives way to stone,
And naught will endure save one Great Power alone;
So we, old hat, though injured oft I fear,
Must buffet the world for what we deem our share.
Thou seem'st yet comely. I? Well, I'm not strong,
But somehow or other I'll strive to push along;
And whither I go, thou too must come with me,
To share my fortune, whatsoe'er it be.
Know that where e'er my time I may beguile,
Thou shalt, dear hat, be with me all the while;
And mayhap, when I quit this mundane sphere,
They'll place thee kindly on my humble bier.

THE WAVE OF DEATH.

HAVE ye heard the voice of wailing? Have ye heard the sound of woe
That comes from the heart of our beautiful land, so sadly stricken low?
Have ye heard the cry of orphaned ones that over field and plain
Seek for their parents' fond embrace — but seek for it in vain?
'Twas terrible, indeed, to watch the sad and mournful tread,
And haggard looks of the widowed, as they pass among the dead;
And to note the stare of vacancy, of sadness in the eye
Of the bright young bride that yesterday seemed glad as the summer sky.
Oh! had ye viewed the piteous sight, the mangled and the dead,
Bestrew the beautiful, fair fields where erstwhile lambkins fed;
Had seen the vale of the Conemaugh, as the hamlets by its side
Were swept, like chaff before the wind, in the awful seething tide;

Had seen the host of human souls torn onward in its course,
As headlong plunged the maddening wave, tremendous in its force;
Had seen the helpless mother, with the babe upon her breast,
Torn and hurled aloft upon the water's foaming crest;
The rich and poor alike, floating onward with the flood,
For the messenger of death takes no cognizance of blood;
Had ye seen it, had your eyes beheld those raging waters flow,
Your heart scarce then could realize this plenitude of woe;
For if there be a time for grief in any human breast,
'Tis when the hand of death lays low the one we loved the best;
When sadly, without warning, or scarce time to shed a tear,
One views torn from him all he prized — all he once held dear.
And if, beneath the arching sky, true charity be found,
'Tis surely when such multitudes of stricken souls abound.
And, oh! if there be pity felt in any mortal heart,

This is the most auspicious time to ward off sorrow's dart.
Ah! this indeed is the saddest hour, and who can fail to weep?
What heart so cold, what soul so dead in this dark hour to sleep?
The homes that yesterday were glad, today are wrapped in gloom;
And many a being stalks about like to a living tomb.
Dejected souls and desolate are seen on every side;
And ruin vast and misery are scattered far and wide.
Not in the still of night came the sound upon their ears,
But full in the light of the day the harvester, Death, appears;
Not when all was hushed in sleep like a coward thief he came,
But flushed with his might at noonday's height came he with deadly aim.
Innocent as a child at play, dreaming naught of care or woe,
Still and secluded and calm lay the towns in the vale below;
Least of all their thoughts that Death, with stern, unpitying face,
Was bearing down upon them with accelerated pace.
At length they hear a sound, as of waters bellowing near,

And quick before their startled gaze, the furious
waves appear!
And fast the dismal news spreads 'round about, and
far and wide,
But faster o'er those fated towns sweeps the relent-
less tide;
And there is hurrying to and fro, no time for fond
farewells,
For, mark how vastly with each pace the mighty
current swells!
And some are horror-struck and dumb, and watch
with bated breath,
As onward on its dread course comes the tidal wave
of death.
Mark how the raging waters foam! See how, plung-
ing down,
Mighty and massive and deadly, like an avalanche
o'er the town,
The giddy flood rolls on, as if it gloated in its sway,
And still more dreadful grows as it scours upon its
way!
Madly it tears in its wild uproar, not caring whither
bound,
The waters rush, and seethe, and crush, with stun-
ning and deadly sound.
Tumultuously, nay, savagely, like a lion mad for
prey,
In the frenzy wild of anarchy, the ruthless waves
make way.

Like a maelstrom plunging headlong down the valley
swift it came,
Scarce a soul had time to call upon our Holy Maker's
name;
No time for contemplation given to soothe the part-
ing breath,
Or ponder on the all uncertain certainty of death;
No "De profundis" sang for them, no funeral knell
was tolled,
As down o'er the pitiless waters their lifeless bodies
rolled.
In mighty volumes poured the flood impetuous
hurrying on,
And town after town went sweeping down till its
awful course was run.
There was weeping in abundance, there were faces
filled with awe,
When night closed in around on the vale of Cone-
maugh.
The North land hears it, and the South, and far
from East to West,
The wail goes forth — ten thousand souls are swept
to their final rest.
Ah, famine, plague and pestilence have summoned
many a tear,
And war has stretched its thousands on a sad, un-
timely bier,
And fire, and shipwreck, and disease, have taken
thousands more,

But ne'er destruction dire as this has touched our hearts before!
For never, since this land of ours by human feet was trod,
Were so many souls, in so short a time, brought face to face with God.
Take up your dead, ye few who live in that vale once bright and fair,
Ere yet a greater pestilence may poison all the air!
Dry up your tears, for ye have won a whole world's sympathy,
And Heaven grant that sorrow, too, may from your bosoms flee!
And take from us in kindness what we with gladness share—
The warmest love within our hearts to soothe a brother's care;
And freely, too, in Heaven's name, we give ye of our store,
And last of all our blessing—we cannot give ye more.

ACUSHLA GAL MO CHREE.

THERE'S a maiden fair and bonny
With golden hair and sunny,
And sweeter far than honey
This maiden seems to me;
For I love her — yea, adore her,
And I rate none else before her,
Neither Flora, nor Aurora,
Oh, acushla gal mo chree!

It was in the spring I met her,
And I never can forget her,
For she set my heart a-flutter
Like a sunbeam on the sea;
When I stole my arm around her,
And in love's embrace soft bound her,
Oh, 'twas then, indeed, I found her
Acushla gal mo chree.

When I asked her if she loved me,
With a sly glance she reproved me,
But an inward feeling moved me
That her heart was "fancy free";

And I thought if I would win it,
It was time I should begin it,
So I "set my cap" that minute
For acushla gal mo chree.

And I wasn't long about it
Before all fears were routed,
And, indeed, you needn't doubt it,
For she writes me o'er the sea,
That I am her greatest pleasure,
And she loves me out of measure —
Oh, she's my darling treasure,
Acushla gal mo chree.

She is like the morning-glory,
And her voice, like some old story,
Charms the young, the brave, the hoary,
No matter where she be;
She's a flower of life's first order;
She's my spirit's sweet disorder,
And if fervor can reward her,
She's acushla gal mo chree.

THE MINSTREL'S TALE.

WELL, boys, I'll take a sup,
Just to cheer my spirit up,
For I dearly like a drop
Of good poteen;
It makes the heart so light,
And the spirit takes a flight
To a realm of pure delight
And golden sheen.

The night's a trifle cold,
And I'm getting rather old,
And so, not making bold,
I'll rest awhile;
For, egad, the cheerful glow
Of your faces warms me so,
I will rosin up my bow
And with you smile.

You'd like to hear a tale
Of dear old Innisfail —
A story of the Gael?
Alas! I fear
That when my mind runs so,
With thoughts of long ago,
The tear may easy flow
All unaware.

There's scarce a soul on earth
But loves his place of birth,
For what would life be worth
Were love not here?
Then, surely, boys *achree*,
You'll take a flight with me
To that land beyond the sea—
Old Banva dear.

'Tis sweet to sing the lays
Of Erin's golden days,
Her beauteous scenes to praise
With *graw galore;*
And pleased am I to tell
Of each fairy-haunted dell—
The spots I loved so well
In days of yore.

To Inny's laughing tide
My heart doth open wide,
With a touch of native pride
So sweet to feel.
Ah, sunlight of my eyes!
To thee affection flies;
My love I'll ne'er disguise
For Granna-Weal.

There's a place called Niall's Mound,
Near Tullaghmore 'tis found,
'Tis a spot of holy ground
You may have seen;
The Callan flows near by,
And the azure, arching sky
Looks down with kindly eye
Upon the scene.

'Tis a thousand years or more
Since the Danes to Erin's shore
Their hated banners bore
With might and pride;
'Tis more than a thousand years
Since the clang of Irish spears
Filled their craven souls with fears
They fain would hide.

Oh, 'twas a fateful day,
For there, in grand array,
Impatient for the fray,
The Irish stand;
Whilst, on the self same plain,
With boastful shout and vain,
Behold the robber Dane,
With fire and brand.

No golden sun arose
To greet old Erin's foes,
The frowning skies disclose
Their angry scorn;
A dark and dismal gloom
Greeted the Ostman's plume,
As he marched to meet his doom
On that dread morn.

The deadening thunder's peal,
The clanging of the steel,
The shouts of woe and weal,
All fill the air;
And vivid lightnings flash,
As Gael and Ostman clash,
In wild, impetuous crash,
With sabres bare;

Whilst above all is seen
The O'Niall's plume of green,
As he rides the ranks between,
With lusty cheer.
What cares he for his life?
His Irish spirit rife
For war, in honor's strife
Knows naught of fear.

In the midst of battle's van,
Rallying sept and clan,
Ne'er lived a braver man
Than King O'Niall!
He of a hundred fights,
The Danish chieftain smites,
Cleaves, for old Erin's rights,
Through plates of steel.

To earth the Ostmen fall —
Chief, and vassal, and all.
"We'll brook no foreign thrall,"
The Irish cry.
Onward they cleave their way,
(No craven soldiers they),
But into the thickest fray,
To win or die.

And foremost of all is he,
O'Niall the great and free —
First knight of chivalry,
Bravest of brave.
Afar let his praises ring;
Loud let the minstrel sing;
He was indeed a king,
E'en to his grave.

The battle fought and won,
Out gleamed the blushing sun,
As if 'twould say, "Well done!
The right prevailed."
Erin fought not in vain
Upon that famous plain,
What time the boastful Dane
Her shores assailed.

The vanquished hosts had fled;
The streams with blood ran red,
Unnumbered lay the dead
Upon the field;
Whilst proudly one might view
O'Niall the brave and true,
Who never a foeman knew
To whom to yield.

The chiefs of Erin ride
Exultant in their pride,
But Callan's swollen tide
Bears not a smile;
Its savage waters course
With wild, impetuous force,
Ne'er flowed torrent worse
In Banva's isle.

Up spoke a chieftain bold:
"Shall streamlet make us hold,
Who Danish arms controlled
In battle's tide?"
And, acting to the word,
His noble steed he spurred,
And plunged into the ford,
The waves to ride.

Bravely he strove, and well,
To breast the surge and swell;
Fatigued, at length he fell
Beneath the wave,
Round went the fatal cry,
"Alas! the chief must die!"
But the monarch made reply,
"Nay, I will save."

Then, swifter than a dream,
He plunges in the stream,
At first the waters seem
Mere drops of dew;
Amazed, his soldiers stand
Like statues on the land,
He grasps the chieftain's hand
Like comrade true.

The king was strong and brave,
And nobly fought the wave,
Striving the youth to save,
Alas, in vain!
For though he well withstood
The fury of the flood,
His armor was not wood —
The waves no Dane.

Down in the surging tide
Sank ancient Banva's pride,
Nobly he lived and died,
Generous and free;
A wail rang from the shore,
'Twas heard the country o'er,
"Brave Niall is no more;
Ochone a ree!"

His soldiers dug a grave
Hard by that fatal wave,
And laid the king so brave
In silence there;
The bards of Ulster sing
The death dirge of their king,
Sadly they touch each string,
As if in prayer.

No "storied urn" is seen;
No tomb of gorgeous mien;
Simply a hillock green
To mark the spot.
There to this day 'tis found,
And they call it "Niall's Mound,"
Oh, but 'tis holy ground,
Disturb it not!

Now, lads, you've heard my tale
Of dear old Innisfail,
And the valor of the Gael
Against the Dane;
So fill once more the cup,
And we'll drain it every drop,
Thus be our parting sup,
Shin fane! Shin fane!

NORA O'MALLEY.

A PASTORAL POEM.

SHE lives in a valley—
Sweet Nora O'Malley,
Her heart is as light as her visage is fair;
Since first I looked on her
My heart was a goner,
For no maiden I know could with Nora compare.

I met her one morning,
A flower was adorning
The rich golden tresses that flowed to her waist;
And her eyes, soft and tender,
Were glowing with splendor,
And, oh! her sweet lips I was dying to taste.

Said I, "Miss O'Malley
Would you kindly dally
A moment and list to the voice of my soul?"
Said she, soft and gentle,
"I'm not sentimental,
And so, if you please, sir, such feelings control."

But love is a vessel
Accustomed to wrestle
With storms that arise on life's varying tide;
And somehow or other,
Myself and no other
Was sitting that morning sweet Nora beside.

I called her my jewel,
And told her how cruel
'Twould be to allow such true love to be lost;
I begged her to prove me,
And naught would e'er move me,
I'd love her forever whatever the cost.

And Heaven beholding
My heart thus unfolding
Its deep-hidden secret, would surely approve,
And send me a blessing,
For freely confessing
How deep and sincerely a mortal could love.

Then, blushing, she started,
(She's so noble hearted),
And silent she gazed o'er the wavering grain;
But the sweet smile upon her
Showed plainly I'd won her,
And so my heart's pleading was not made in vain.

Ah, treasure of sweetness!
Fond fancy's completeness!
Oh, soul of affection, how greatly I'm blest!
To think that kind Heaven
That moment had given
To breathe out the feelings pent up in my breast.

For my heart, at that minute,
Nay, every pulse in it,
Throbbed at the sound of her beautiful voice;
Methought 'twere a pleasure
Far, far beyond measure,
To be, and forever, her heart's dearest choice.

Oh, fondest! oh, fairest!
Sweet vision, the rarest
These orbs ever viewed, when I call thee my own
My bosom will render
Allegiance most tender,
I'll set thee in splendor upon my heart's throne.

TO THE MAYFLOWER.

TO thee, primordial flower of Spring,
My heart's devotion fondly turns;
And though in humble verse I sing,
My soul with loving passion burns.

For who can gaze upon thy face,
Sweet emblem of my native land,
And fail in thy soft blush to trace
The greatness of the Master Hand?

Who can thee see and not confess
The One who dwells in yonder sphere,
That made such charming loveliness
To dwell in silent meekness here?

Oh! I have seen full many a flower,
Blooming afar in warmer climes —
By Ganges' waves, in Persian bower,
But fairer thou a thousand times!

I would not give thy maiden blush
For all the charms of Earth I've seen;
For song of sky-lark, chant of thrush,
I would not cede thee, woodland queen.

The nightingale may court his rose;
  And France may boast her *fleur-de-lis;*
But they can never e'en disclose
  One-half the charms that ornate thee.

Nay, let the golden orange glow
  On a sunlit, southern strand,
For I a dearer treasure know
  In the fair Acadian land.

It is that modest-blooming flower —
  Tribute of the waking Spring,
That, far removed from garden bower,
  In local fame is blossoming.

THE DEPARTED.

I CANNOT think her dead,
Who all so kindly shed
About my path the only bliss I know —
To love and ever deem
That happiness supreme
Dwells never in this home of ours below.

I view her sitting there
Within the old arm chair —
My mother; and I watch her dozing nod;
I see her broken gait,
(Though slow, yet never late),
As on she moves unto the "House of God."

I see at times her smile,
So free from worldly guile,
As when some act of mine she would approve;
I was her wayward boy,
And yet, for all, her joy,
For, oh! she loved me with a mother's love.

I see her as she stood
So oft in pensive mood,
With arms serenely folded o'er her breast,
Gazing with wistful glance
Far into Heaven's expanse,
As 'twere to get a glimpse of one "at rest."

Ah, mother, thou art gone!
But yet I gaze upon
Thine image so impressed upon my heart;
And still methinks I hear
That voice of thine so dear,
That never shall from out my soul depart.

Nay, mother, thou'rt away,
As mayhap for a day,
But surely as the evening draweth nigh,
That faith which makes us one
Shall bear this spirit on
To dwell with thee and God beyond the sky.

THE BROOK.

OFT I mind me of a scene
Once I saw, oh! years ago;
It was a dreamy dell, the sheen
Of Phœbus, in his dying glow,
Shed 'round a holy influence
That seemed to magnetize each sense.

It was a mellow eve in June,
And the balmy atmosphere
Strove to set the heart in tune
With the freshness of the year;
And a mystic, warm delight
Seemed to image all things bright.

I sat within the sylvan shade,
Watching the pearly brooklet flow,
As soft, meandering through the glade,
In mellow cadence, mild and low,
Its gurgling waters sang a song
That lives with me my whole life long.

Maybe it was my angel's voice
  That in those waters sweet I heard;
For, truly, oft our God makes choice
  Of tongueless things to speak His word.
And may not, too, the sighing trees
Reveal deep-hidden mysteries?

Mutely as the stars abide
  Within the distant realms of space,
And all so solemn as they glide,
  How softly o'er the soul they trace
A feeling at which man is awed —
The mystic consciousness of God!

So was it, in the years gone by,
  That brooklet whispered strange to me,
And oh! its words shall ever lie
  Deep-graven on my memory —
A mystic message sent from Him
To light me when my lamp grows dim.

THEN AND NOW.

ONCE, when the sky was studded o'er
With silver, starry splendor,
We left the little cottage door
To ramble by the pebbly shore,
And whisper accents tender.

Twittered on the hawthorn spray
The little golden linnet,
Just as if he meant to say
A word of hope, then fly away,
All within a minute.

She must have seen it in the wave,
The promise that she made me;
I thought 'twould last unto the grave.
How vain the throb my bosom gave!
How soon my love betrayed me!

Ah, it was many years ago
When that vow was spoken;
Oft I view the tide waves flow,
Sparkling 'neath the moon's pale glow,
But the vow is broken.

And, gazing there, I ask my heart
To fathom me the morrow;
To read me from life's mystic chart,
Whether our pathways lie apart,
Or unite for joy or sorrow.

And, at times, methinks I hear
Something like an answer,
Bidding me be of good cheer,
But dying out upon the air,
Like incense from a censer.

TO N. M. C.

THY brow is fair, thy tresses bright,
They gleam through every fold;
Thy ruby lips, and eyes' pure light,
Are jewels rare as gold.

But, oh! 'Tis not thy charms of face,
Sweet maid, that I like best;
'Tis truth, simplicity and grace
That shine above the rest.

IN DOLLIE'S ALBUM.

IF I were sad, or sick at heart,
Or steeped in melancholy,
No power could make my gloom depart,
Like thy sweet smile, my Dollie.

FAREWELL.

OH! leave me in silence awhile,
For those who have sorrow must weep;
I fain would have borne up a smile,
But 'twas more than my spirit could keep.
As I part from the friends that I love,
And take leave of my own native shore,
A tear my affection shall prove
For friends I may look on no more.

They'll think of me oft when I'm gone,
When the sea shall be rolling between,
Aud hearts that are now cold as stone
May sigh when I cannot be seen.
They will sorrow for harsh words once said,
When I will be with them no more,
As loved ones who weep for the dead,
As in silence they pass from the door.

TO DORIS.

TELL me, lovely girl,
From what orient mine
Came each golden curl
Circling so divine
O'er that brow of pearl —
Sainted brow of thine?

Tell me, I would know,
From what heavenly place
Came that angel glow
That lingers on thy face?
Earth could ne'er bestow
Such pure, ethereal grace.

And whence, 'neath Heaven's dome,
Came those wondrous eyes?
Ah, sure their native home
Must be in Paradise —
Blest angels twain, who roam
Forgetful of their skies!

Ah, maiden, do not start
  If I one boon should seek,
It wells up from my heart,
  And, oh! my lips must speak —
May I one kiss impart
  Upon that rose-tipped cheek?

PARADOXICAL.

BY some strange inverse law my existence is cursed,
  Or mayhap I should say 'tis blessed,
For I always *look* best on the days I *feel* worst,
  And worst on the days I feel best.

FRANZETTA'S DREAM.

LAST eve I was seated beyond in the meadow,
Where Nature smiles in her bright robes of green,
And, as the gloaming stole into the shadow,
My spirit was wafted away from the scene;
Saw I a land all bright to my vision,
Where winter comes not but summer alway,
And in that region, where all seemed Elysian,
I dreamed I was crowning the Queen of the May.

Fair was her face, as she gazed down upon me;
Sweet was her voice as the tones of a lute;
Her eyes beamed so softly their loveliness won me
To gaze on in rapture all silent and mute.
Still I beheld in her face, full of sweetness,
A sadness that seemed to o'ershadow my own,
Marring the vision of beauty's completeness,
Like rain clouds that shut out the rays of the sun.

I awoke from the sweet chain of sleep that had bound me;
The vision had vanished in mystical sheen;
The sweet little birdlings were singing around me,
As if to remind me of what I had seen.

So 'tis in life, there are moments revealing
  Scenes we have gazed on, yet cannot recall;
And may we not, in such day dreams, be stealing
  A glimpse of a land that is brighter than all?

LINES.

ALL things in orbits move — the sun, the moon,
  And all the bright array of heavenly spheres,
And time, and tides, and light, and heat, and sound,
And the great mind of man — it, too, revolves
In cycles of activity. Nay, life
Itself is but a circle like the sun.
Thus do we see the image of our God
Reflected in the Universe, as things
Partake the imprint of the Maker's touch,
The reflex of the Mind that made them be—
The circle, blest symbol of eternity!

THE EVENING HOUR.

'TIS not in the morning's golden light,
Not when the day is at its height,
Nor e'en in the dreamy afternoon,
Albeit in the month of June,
That loving Nature opes her arms
And yields to me her sweetest charms,
But in the mellow evening's glow,
When Phoebus sinks in the wave below,
When roses fold their petals up,
And the wild bee sleeps in the lily cup,
When the lotus breathes its fond farewell
To the dying Sun, that it loves so well,
This is the time I prize most dear
Of all the hours of the gladsome year.
I love to steal, at the close of day,
Where noise and tumult hold no sway,
To some lone, mute, sequestered bower,
And while away the passing hour.

I love to view the Autumnal Sun
In its glory of gold, when the day is done,
And the dimly light of the crescent Moon
Steals in the firmament yet too soon.

I love the silent — the holy calm
That soothes my soul like heavenly balm;
'Tis then my mind may look within,
'Way from the world's unceasing din,
And feel the Omnipresent Eye.
Can my most secret thoughts descry
'Tis then, in that most solemn hour,
My soul perceives its Maker's power?
So, in the twilight calm and blest,
I place the cross upon my breast
And pledge my faith in warmest vow,
As night peeps o'er the mountain's brow.

LINES.

AWAY with that bowl,
The curse of the soul,
No rosy red wine for me!
But go bring me up
The brilliant shell cup
That is found in the deep blue sea.

And glad will I sip,
From its pearl-crowned lip,
That beverage precious as gold —
Water, whose gleam
All potent doth seem,
That drink of the sages of old.

THE CROWNING OF THE MAY QUEEN.

GLADLY now our queen surrounding,
Here we crown her Queen of May,
And with peace and mirth abounding
Usher in the festive day.
Gaily tripping,
Lightly skipping,
Here dull care shall ne'er be seen;
Every maiden
Hap'ly laden
Bright with flowers to deck the queen.

Open now our hearts with pleasure,
Let us trample sorrow down,
Lightly tripping to each measure,
While our queen we gaily crown;
Hearts revealing
Kindly feeling,
Let no anger mar the scene!
We'll endeavor,
Now and ever,
To be faithful to our queen.

See, each face with pleasure beaming
Only mirrors out the soul;
All our hearts are over-teeming
With a love we can't control.
Every minute
Has joy in it,
And no care its face can screen;
Thus, with flowers
From bright bowers,
Come we here to crown our queen.

LINES.

A LITTLE bird at my window flutters,
And carols soft some melody,
And every note its sweet throat utters
Fills my soul with ecstasy;
It seems as if it knew how dreary
Everything to me appears,
So it bears me back the music
Once I heard in former years.

There comes to me a fleeting vision —
A dream of one I used to know,
One who made my life Elysian
In the happy long ago.
And my heart keeps ever throbbing
To the echo of that strain
That the little bird is singing
Just before my window pane.

My love was fair and beautiful,
As any flower within the dell,
And her voice, with sweetness full,
Resounded like a golden bell.

37257

Who can blame me if I love her?
  Is her beauty not a part
Of that Heaven that bends above her,
  Object of a Christian's heart?

Go then, bird, and tell that maiden,
  Dwelling far o'er vale and hill,
That, though sad and heavy laden
  Be my heart, I love her still.
And were my feet as swift as thinking,
  Over mount and vale I'd rove,
'Till my heart rejoiced at gazing
  On the face of her I love.

EPITAPH.

THERE lies at rest
In this lonely spot,
Where blooms the blest
Forget-me-not,

A mortal flower,
That passed away
In childhood's hour
To this cold clay.

But far from this,
In Beulah's land,
The angels kiss
A saintly hand,

Unseen to-night
By mortal eyes,
But still more bright
Within the skies.

Though she may rest
In muteness here,
Her soul is blessed
In a higher sphere.

Let zephyrs sigh
  O'er her dreamless sleep,
While stars on high
  Pale vigils keep.

TO ZEA.

'TIS pleasant, after years of toil,
  Midst strangers dwelling far away,
To roam back to one's native soil,
  And muse where once we loved to play.

But pleasanter, when lingering there,
  To meet some friend we used to know,
Whose eyes, unchanged by time, still wear
  The kindly smile of long ago.

Ah, Zea, thus I felt my heart
  Grow sweetly warm on seeing thee;
And my desire is, when we part,
  To bear that feeling off with me.

NIGHT-FALL.

SILENT the air around,
Evening shades fall
Slow and without a sound,
Soft over all.

Now fades each golden beam
Of jocund day,
Like a sweet morning dream
Stealing away.

'Tis at this hour, when night
Glides o'er the skies,
Mem'ry recalls the light
Of thy fond eyes.

Gone, oh so long ago!
Yea, and so far!
Beyond the last fading glow
Of planet or star.

Leaving my breast a waste,
Dreary and dark,
Save for the joy I taste
In memory's spark.

Yet like the stars that beam
Bright o'er the sea,
Thine eyes will ever gleam
In Heaven for me.

TO ZAIDEE.

WHEN I no more am near,
When I have said adieu,
Remember, maiden fair!
That I am always true.

Thus, when sea and land
Shall coldly us two part,
If you have not my hand,
You have, at least, my heart.

HORAS NON NUMERO NISI SERENAS.

MOTTO OF A SUN-DIAL.

"I NOTE no hours but those that fly
Beneath the radiant sunlit sky;"
Thus spake the sun-dial, thus speak I.

Unnumbered be the hours of gloom!
Deep let them rest in Oblivion's tomb,
As if they ne'er had left Time's womb.

God is light, and before His throne
There is heard nor tear, nor moan;
Purity dwells in light alone.

Truth and innocence — all things bright —
Live in the smile of a holy light;
Demons dwell in eternal night.

Let one's life be continuous day;
Seek but the pure unsullied ray;
Darkness tends to death alway.

The purest air rests not below,
But seeks the sun's perennial glow;
Heaven is light in perpetual flow.

From the soul of man made pure and bright,
To the Seraphs in radiant beams bedite,
To God, the infinite essence of light.

Faith, like a star, shines bright above,
Under the light of the Holy Dove;
Faith in the heart is the torch of love.

Hope for aye in thy bosom keep,
'Tis an anchor on Life's uncertain deep;
Let shadows of doubt forever sleep.

Charity dost know its worth?
Greater than all the things of Earth,
Heaven alone can give it birth.

Would'st thou peace, let thy lifetime be
Bright through Faith, Hope and Charity!
Only weeds grow in a darksome sea.

The one great law of the Old and New—
Seek only the bright, the pure, the true!
That is best for the soul to do.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

THOU, O bright, mysterious star,
Wandering soft in Heaven!
Tenant of the fields afar,
Where the saints and angels are,
Sweet lone Star of Even!

When to-night thou roamest near
Where my love lies sleeping,
Gaze for me with tenderest care,
And with soft enchantment bear
My image for her keeping.

A THOUGHT.

YOU have seen the river flow,
And marked the golden glow
Of sunset on its waves;
And mayhap watched at night,
Beneath the pale moon's light,
The dew that covers graves.

Yet, though these both may be
Familiar sights to see,
Beneath them still there lies,
Hidden far from view,
A lesson, friend, which you
Might deem it well to prize.

It is that though the wave
A tranquil smile may have,
There rolls on underneath,
Down in its unsunned breast
The murmur and unrest
That speak the frown of death.

And may it not be true
That yonder silent dew,
That falls upon the sod,
Is the tears by angels shed
Upon the silent dead,
For sins against their God?

TO DAPHNE.

OUT of the bower of thy heart, dear,
Pluck me a flower of thy love,
And I will deem it a part, dear,
Of that Heaven that smiles above.

For love is born of the skies, dear,
And, though you may think it odd,
The more we distribute the prize, dear,
The nearer we come to God.

For love is unlike Earth's dross, dear,
The more it is scattered 'round,
The less do we feel its loss, dear,
And the more in the heart is found.

Then give me out of thy breast, dear,
Only love's tiniest flower,
And I will think I am blest, dear,
For the rest of life's autumn hour.

TO AIMÉE.

WHEN the first buds of springtime,
All fresh with the dew,
In the calm, silent forest
Break softly to view;
Or, when sadly in Autumn
The leaflets decay,
Bespeaks in mute language
How Time steals away;

Oh! wilt thou remember
That friend of thy youth,
Who pledged, 'neath those branches,
His soul's sweetest truth?
Wilt think of him, dearest,
When no mortal is nigh,
And give for the absent
Thy heart's deepest sigh?

IN MEMORIAM

ELEANOR CLARE LANIGAN.

GENTLY tread and slow,
Softly speak and low,
Draw in silence 'round her ;
She was young and fair,
Bright, with golden hair,
Ere Death's chain had bound her.

She was good and true;
One of the saintly few
Whose love we cannot measure.
Whose lips with every kiss
Scattered a heaven of bliss,
Whose every smile was a treasure.

Those who knew her well —
Only they can tell
Her soul-inspiring sweetness,
The brightness of those eyes
That now beyond the skies
Are gazing at God's greatness.

AN ACROSTIC.

WILLETTA E. MERRIAM.

WE met; the evening sunset cast
  Its golden splendor o'er the west,
Like dying heroes, who have passed
  Lives in bliss, then sink to rest;
Each hill was wrapt in glory then;
  The vales in silent gloaming lay;
Thus youth may light the brows of men,
  And still their hearts be growing gray.

Even the rose must have its thorn,
  'Mid all its wild luxuriance cast;
Even the babe, though newly born,
  Receives the sin of centuries past.
Remember then, O maiden fair!
  In sunshine there are shadows too,
And when thy heart receives its share,
  May Heaven grant them short and few!

TO EMELIA.

OH, my beautiful Milly,
Fair art thou as a lily,
Seldom such beauteous grace
Beams in a mortal's face,
For Italy's bright blue skies
Gleam in those liquid eyes,
And thy ruby lips disclose
All the sweetness of the rose,
Whilst those teeth of thine, fair girl,
Have the lustre of the pearl,
But thy heart is cold as steel,
And glooms like the old Bastile.

TO A FRIEND.

SHOULD misfortune e'er befall thee,
Should the tide of human cares
Sweep across thy threshold, leaving
Naught but mingled doubts and fears;

Turn to me in that sad moment,
And thou'lt find me just as true
When the skies of life gloom darkest
As when in their fairest hue.

Sleep, child, in silence there!
Perhaps in another sphere
Thy soft arms shall caress us;
And in the halls above,
Those lips, so full of love,
Shall pray to God to bless us,

THE FADED FLOWER.

A SOUVENIR.

THOU seemest as sweet as a dream, love,
That an angel once told me in sleep;
And dearer to me than thou'lt deem, love,
Is this flower that thou gavest me to keep.
I will treasure it near to my heart, love,
Though it may be withered and dead,
Oh! never from me to depart, love,
'Till the green sod shall cover my head.

ALEA EST JACTA.

GO, maiden, wed some stranger,
And think no more of me,
God shield thee from all danger,
And make thee happy be;
And heed not if I sorrow,
I would not have thee grieve,
For I can always borrow
A smile while e'er I live.

As on thy cheek reposes
A blush, whilst I seem worn,
So may'st thou wear life's roses,
And I will bear the thorn;
And no sigh shall betoken
How dear the past to me,
Never a word be spoken
Of how I cared for thee.

In other climes and places
I know full many a heart
Where I have left fond traces
That will not soon depart;
And there with these hereafter
I'll spend this life of mine,
Midst merry songs and laughter,
And flowing cups of wine.

EVENING THOUGHTS.

THE dying sunset spreads a gloom
O'er valley, lake and hill,
And flowers that with the daylight bloom,
At eve are closed and still;
'Twas thus in fame's star-circled hour
Around me friends were thrown,
But now that skies of darkness lower,
Ah, me, my friends have flown!

How sweet the hopes of youth to me!
How dear the days gone by!
I dream'd not then my life would be
An echo and a sigh;
But, ah, so late, it comes too late —
The smile I sought of yore,
'Tis but a rose by winds of fate
Cast on life's desert shore.

TRANSLATIONS

LINES.

[From the Latin of Boethius.]

O THOU, who guidest each great and mighty sphere;
To whom the universe and man adhere;
Who with one single word made all things be —
Earth, ocean, caves, wind, wood and stormy sea!
On gloomy man, O! Heavenly Father, deign
To shed Thy ray, and clear his cloudy brain;
To tranquilize the pious heart 'tis thine,
And cause it with effulgence pure to shine.
To Thee we fly, O God! thou art our source,
Beginning, end, life, succor, hope and course.

EMPEROR ADRIAN'S ADDRESS TO HIS SOUL.

[From Catullus.]

GENTLE little wandering thing,
Long this body's friend and guest,
Whither wilt thou now take wing —
Pale and cold, and all undressed?
Ah, never more, as was thy wont,
Shalt thou bestow the jest!

ODE X, BOOK IV.

[From Horace.]

AH, cruel, yet how fair!
When frigid time and care
Shall thin the golden hair
Which now so gently flows
About thy cheek, that glows
Far deeper than the rose.

In that sad after year
Thou'lt in the mirror peer
And ask why bloom's not there,
As in the years gone by,
When lovers fond did sigh —
But age will tell no why.

ZARA THE BATHER.

[From the French of Victor Hugo.]

ZARA, gentle roguish elf,
Swings herself
In a hammock to and fro,
Beside a crystal fountain pool,
Calm and cool,
Where Elysian waters glow.

And the frail, uncertain swing,
Curious thing,
Is mirrored in the glassy sheet
With its gentle tenant fair,
Who leans in air
To view her precious form so neat.

Now, Zara's mind, on pleasure bent,
Is well content
To revel in her welcome play;
Gently swaying to and fro,
Singing low,
In blissful dreams the live-long day.

"Oh! would I were a captain's bride,
Or sultan's pride,
  I'd bathe in amber baths I ween;
And marble basins I would own,
Besides a throne,
  Placed two golden griffons between."

"A silken hammock would be mine,
All soft and fine,
  Beneath my weary form to move;
And I would have a cushion bed,
The which would shed
  Odors breathing sweet of love."

Thus, building castles in the air
Bright and clear,
  Swinging, dreaming wondrous things,
Rests the fair, young, laughing maid
In the shade,
  Heedless that the day has wings.

THE LEAF.

[From the French.]

"THOU, torn from yonder spray,
Poor, withered leaflet, say,
Whither dost thou go?"
"Alas! I do not know!
The storm has done to death,
With its unkindly breath,
The oak — my only stay,
And now, alas! I find
I'm driven by every wind,
From forest o'er the plain,
From mountain into glen;
Whither the wind may blow,
Thither must I, too, go,
Fearlessly,
Tearlessly,
Nor may I with fate quarrel;
I go where goes
The leaf of the rose,
Where goes the leaf of the laurel."

TO A YOUNG GIRL.

[From the French of Saint-Pavin.]

I KNOW that thou art young and fair,
And I, alas! am old and gray,
But in my heart is budding, dear,
A love as fresh as yesterday;
And you may know 'tis young as yet,
For it was born when first we met.

TO MY BED.

[From the French of Benserade.]

THEATRE thou of smiles and sighs,
O Bed! where one is born and dies;
Thou showest us how short the measure
'Twixt human grief and human pleasure.

THE FLOWER.

[From the French of Millevoye.]

POOR flower, alone and dying,
Once the valley's pride,
Now all so coldly lying,
By breezes blown aside!

So we, a like fate waiting,
Bow to the self-same laws —
A leaflet quits thy bosom,
A joy from us withdraws.

And man, all fancy fleeing,
Thoughtfully asks each hour:
Which is the more ephemeral,
Life or yonder flower?

LINES.

[From the French of Racine.]

WHAT aid can God from fickle man derive?
Combined, in vain the kings of Earth all strive
To tear away His bright, imperial throne—
One glance, and all their schemes are overthrown.
He breathes a single word, and straightway must
His foes dissolve into their native dust;
The Heavens await in awe His dread command,
And oceans tremble to their very sand.
The countless spheres, that roll in wastes of blue,
Dwindle to naught before His searching view;
And mortals, mighty as they seem on Earth,
Are in His eye as though they ne'er had birth.

REMEMBRANCE.

[From the French of Bertault.]

IN dreams they come to me —
Past pleasures, one by one,
That ne'er can come again.
Oh, joys that give such pain!
Would that, in losing ye,
My memory, too, had gone!
Alas! there but remains,
Of all I once held dear,
That one sad souvenir
That turns all thoughts to pains.

O CHARMING STREAM.

[From the French.]

O CHARMING stream, whose limpid water
So swiftly glides adown yon dale,
How much I love the mellow murmur
That breathes beneath thine azure veil!
Upon thy banks the willow stripling
Inclines to kiss thy glassy face,
And shade thy little wavelets rippling
In winding course and ceaseless race.
'Twas here that oft, for pleasure roaming,
Came we fond children to thy side,
To cull the flowers that, brightly blooming,
Wafted their odors o'er thy tide.

How often, too, in merry childhood,
Gazed I upon thy tranquil breast,
Or strayed beside thee in the wildwood,
To catch the spring bird in its nest;
In cruel sport I seized the birdling
That warbled in thy verdant glade,

Blending its music with the gurgling
Of thy sweet waters, as they played,
Till, tired at last, again returning,
I sat me thy green banks upon,
And bathed my temples, warmly burning,
With thy cool waters flowing on.

Vainly I seek amid the mountains
Friends that I loved in days gone by;
Tell me, ye mellow groves and fountains,
Where are they gone for whom I sigh?
Doubtless, like me, they too have tarried
Long on ambition's fretful wave,
Or mayhap, by misfortune worried,
Ere this have found some peaceful grave.
Oh, charming stream, flow on as ever —
Blest in the murmur of thy tide!
By mortal pride allured — ah never,
Where God has placed thee, there abide.

EPIGRAM.

[From the French of Pierre Patrice.]

I DREAMT last night that I was sick and died,
And with a beggar buried side by side,
But pride within me would not brook the place,
And thus I spoke, as one of nobler race:
"Rascal, begone! go rot thee far from here,
Approach not thou, who dost no title bear!"
"Rascal?" responded he in raging tone,
"Rascal thyself! go rot among thine own!
Here all are equal; as I owe thee nought,
Each is the lord of all that he has got."

MORNING HYMN.

[From the French of Lamartine.]

THE birdlings chirp, the lambkins bleat,
The children lisp to the shepherd gay,
The voice of man, in music sweet,
Combines with the winds and waves at play,
The air vibrates, the corn is stirred,
The insect hums his song to the sun,
The pious hunter's song is heard,
Its tuneful echoes like a bird
Trilling clear and far away,
In tones of gracious praise to One
Who gives the first sweet breath of day.
All view, rejoice, all stir amain,
The Aurora gleams in the cloud above,
'Tis Earth saluting, with joyous strain,
The rising star of life and love.

THE LOST HEART.

[From the Italian.]

ONE morning, as I strayed along the shore,
I lost my heart and I was sore opprest;
The sailors that I asked for it, all swore
They saw it fluttering in thy snowy breast.
I beg thee to return my heart to me,
Thou need'st not two, but I must needs have one;
Stay, I will tell thee, maid, what can be done:
Give me thy heart, and mine can rest with thee.

TO A SLEEPING BEAUTY.

[From the Italian.]

SWEET eyes, ye mortal stars aglow!
To me fell ministers of woe,
That in your sleep such power display
As e'en to steal my soul away.
If, closed, ye have such fatal charm,
When open who can check your harm?

SONNET.

[From the Italian of Metastasio.]

FANCIES and dreams I fashion at my will,
But yet the dreams and fancies written here,
Though told in verse, have caused me many a thrill,
And griefs invented force the real tear.

Mayhap 'tis wisdom breathing through the vein
Of my dear art, and that the anxious mind
In confirmation bows to each sad strain,
And still 'twixt love and grief true joy doth find.

Though all my songs be plucked from fancy's wreath,
And all my hopes, and doubts, and fears may be
Fictitious too, a dreamer still I breathe;
And life is but a brilliant fairy sea.
O God! When is the hour I may bequeath
My soul to Heaven's own veracity?

[The author, Metastasio, wrote some pathetic verses which so affected him that he wept over them, and then wrote the above.]

LIKE A FLOWER.

[From the German of Heine.]

LIKE a flower thou seemest,
All beautiful and blest,
And, while I gaze upon thee,
A sadness fills my breast.

I yearn to kiss thy forehead,
And breathe this fervent prayer:
That God would ever keep thee
Thus good and pure and fair.

THE VOYAGE.

[From the German of Heine.]

LEANING I stand beside the mast,
And count each wavelet glowing;
Farewell, beloved fatherland!
How fast my ship is going!

I sail before my loved one's house,
The window panes are gleaming,
I strain my very eyes in vain,
No light for me is beaming.

Ye tears, stay from my weary eyes,
Lest sight grow dim and clouded!
And break not thou, O aching heart,
Though grief hath thee enshrouded!

DAME NIGHTINGALE.

[From the German.]

NIGHTINGALE, I hear thee singing,
As if thy heart would break with love,
Quick the kindly message bringing —
Who shall my affection prove.

Nightingale, I see thee flying,
To the brook thou dost incline,
Oft to it thy beak applying,
As it were the sweetest wine.

Nightingale, when lonely dwelling
High above the towering limes,
Soft thy mellow anthems telling,
Greet my love a thousand times.

ELEGY.

[From the German of Goethe.]

TELL me, ye fabrics of departed years!
Speak, oh, ye towering palaces of pride!
Speak but a word! I list with anxious ears—
Genius of Rome, dost thou not here abide?
Yes, all is blest within thy holy shrine,
Eternal Rome! But quiet bliss is mine.
Who whispers? Tell me, where did I behold
That lovely form that charmed my breast of old
With her sweet smile and soul-inspiring love?
Well do I mind the dear old sombre way
Where oft, through many a dark and winding grove,
I sought her, wasting precious time away.
Yet, lo! I gaze on churches, ruins and towers,
As prudent travellers spend the passing hours.
But yet awhile and all is passed and done,
And there'll be but one temple as above—
Love's temple to receive the Blessed One.
A world thou art, O Rome, but without love
The world would be no world, nor Rome be Rome.

THE KING OF THULE.

[From the German of Goethe.]

IN the ancient town of Thule
There lived a king of old,
So true, his dying sweetheart
Gave him a cup of gold.

Nothing to him was dearer
Than this cup in after years,
And so often as he used it,
His eyes filled up with tears.

When death drew near and nearer,
The cities he had gained
To his heirs all he bequeathed,
But the beaker he retained.

At feast within his castle,
High over the foamy wave,
The king sat, and around him
Were counts and nobles brave.

Raising the beaker gently
To his lips, he drank his last,
Then, hurling it headlong downward,
He watched it falling fast.

Saw the waves close above it,
And the white foam rolling o'er;
From his eyes the brightness faded,
And he drank, ah! nevermore.

THE FISHER MAIDEN.

[From the German of Heine.]

DRAW thy boat ashore, fair maiden,
Then come and sit by me,
And I will talk of many things, dear,
Yet unknown to thee.

Rest thy head upon my bosom,
Thou need'st have no fear;
Dost thou not o'er wild sea venture
Boldly year by year?

Like a sea, then, is my bosom,
It hath its calms and storms,
While deep within its mystic waters
Lie concealed its charms.

MIGNON.

[From the German of Goethe.]

KNOWEST thou that land where the citron blooms so fair?
Amid the dusky leaves the gold-orange scents the air,
A mild and soothing breeze floats from out the azure sky,
The myrtle sweetly blooms, and the laurel towers on high,
Dost thou know it well?
Oh, there, oh, gladly there
Would I could fly with thee, my own beloved fair!

Knowest thou that house built on pillars broad and bold?
The hall gleams bright below, and the chambers shine in gold,
And statues tall and pale rear their forms and gaze at me;
Tell me, thou hapless child, what have they done to thee?
Dost thou know it well?
Then there, oh, gladly there
Would I could fly with thee, my sweet protector dear!

Knowest thou the path o'er the lofty mountain height?
There the mule his way plods o'er snowy wastes at night;
There, in caverns, dwelt of old the dragons' noble brood;
There, over crag and beatling cliff, thunders the giddy flood;
Dost thou know it well?
Oh, there, oh, fondly there
Lies our long journey; oh, Father, hasten there!

THE DEATH LOCK.

[From the German.]

ERE close the dark grave o'er thee,
Oh, maid beloved and fair!
One boon, I do implore thee —
Grant me this lock of hair.

From locks that erst did cluster
In fondness on that brow,
Gone is its whilom lustre,
Yet thine, how brighter now!

That which was fair will perish,
And 'neath the tombstone lie,
But this lock of hair will cherish
A grace that will not die.

And feeble as thou seemest,
O tress! all soft and fine,
Thou with love's burden teemest,
So precious — so divine!

Then share thy fond caresses,
Thou ever precious thing,
Come, brightest of all tresses,
I'll wear thee round my ring.

And when that jewel turning,
The maid whom I adore,
With love's soft passion burning,
Will smile on me once more.

UNDER THE GREENWOOD.

[From the Irish.]

HOW well for the birdlings
That fly through the air,
And that nestle together,
Devoid of all care!
Not mine is such pleasure,
With the maid of my heart,
For when morning is breaking,
We are far, far apart.

She is fairer than the lily;
She is finer than flowers;
She is sweeter than music
In ivy-clad bowers;
But better by far is
Her soft, gentle way,
So may God, in His kindness,
My sadness allay!

FOR ERIN I CAN'T TELL HER NAME.

[From the Irish.]

LAST night as I walked all alone,
Quite late near the bounds of Glisheen,
There approached me a maid
In such beauty arrayed
That I felt 'twas some vision I'd seen;
So comely and graceful her form,
That I stepped forth her favor to claim,
But she seemed, oh! so mild,
I looked on her and smiled,
And for Erin I can't tell her name.

And as I looked back on the road,
My heart fluttered wildly to see
This maiden so fair;
You might search everywhere,
But you'd find none as handsome as she.
Her hair was the color of gold,
And 'twas fixed with a comb of the same,
And her cheeks were as red
As the rose in its bed,
Yet for Erin I can't tell her name.

And now, wheresoever I roam,
Her image doth follow me there,
And strange though it seem,
Each night do I dream
Of her beautiful golden hair.
Not a mortal I know but were blest,
If this moment her love he could claim,
He would gladly forsake
All friends for her sake,
Yet for Erin I can't tell her name.

Oh! maiden so beauteous and fair,
If only thou'dst deign to be mine,
Thee I'd freely attend,
Nay, my lifetime I'd spend
To blot out all the troubles of thine.
I would kiss thee and tell thee sweet tales,
And thy fame I would proudly proclaim,
Yes, I'd place a bouquet
In thy bosom each day,
Yet for Erin I can't tell thy name.

STAR OF MY PATH.

[From the Irish.]

AH! would I were
The apple there,
Or e'en the daisy yonder,
That opes its eyes
In glad surprise,
At thy sweet charms to wonder!

Nay, maid divine,
I would not pine
To quit the flowers beside me,
And bask awhile
Beneath thy smile,
Or in thy breast to hide me.

ANACREONTIC.

[From the Irish.]

I'D be the fruit on yonder vine,
That bends its luscious purple tips
To tempt that liquid eye of thine,
And melt upon thy rosy lips.

Or, I would be some favored rose,
By thee beloved, by thee caressed,
That I might on thy breast repose
An hour, and die — but oh, how blest!

LINES.

[From the Spanish of Boscan.]

HOW sweet, when after a stormy day,
The evening calm steals gently o'er!
And sweet, when from the night's dark shore,
The bright sun drives all shades away!
So too, indeed, 'tis sweet to me
When Hope leads kindly unto thee.

TO A MIRROR.

[From the Spanish of Boscan.]

SINCE all in vain my songs appear;
Since music fails to move her,
O! mirror, show that favored fair
Why still my heart must love her.
Send back the beam that from her eye
Sheds forth such sweetness tender,
That, like Narcissus, she may die
Enamored of her splendor.

L'ENVOI.

I HAVE gathered my flowers,
I have twined my wreath,
And to one who best loves me
The gift I bequeath.

She may treasure them dearly,
Or cast them away,
They are all I can leave her —
My love and my lay.

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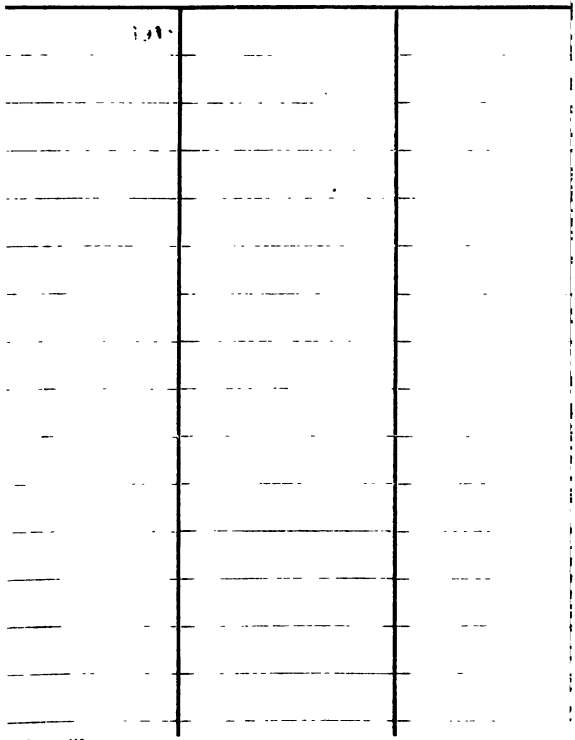
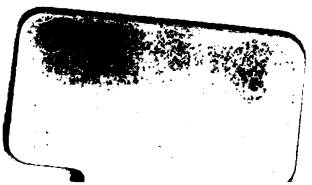
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